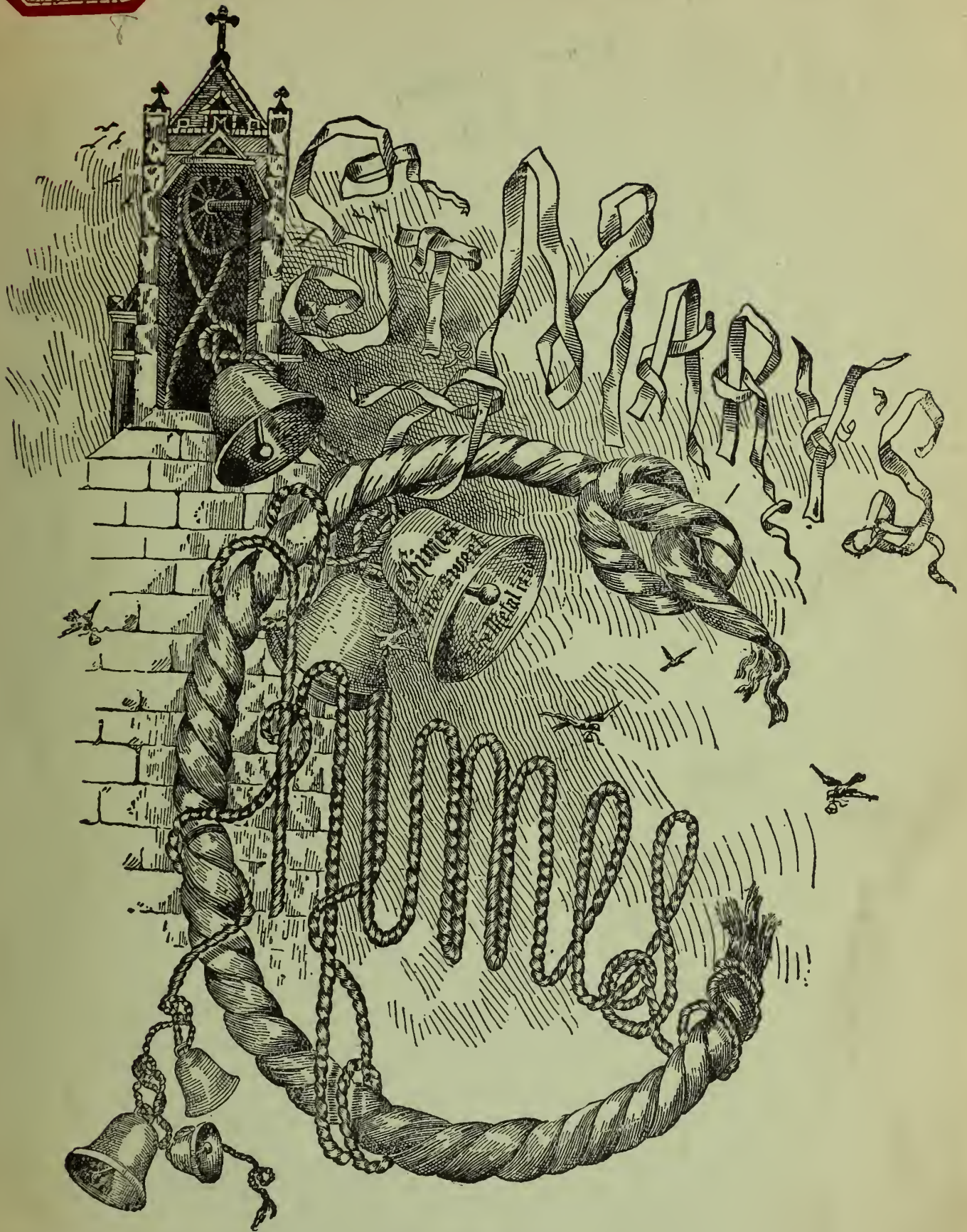


C
S424
J
April 1916



April, 1916



Everything Is Quiet
on the

C. & E. I.

The Noiseless Route

To ST. LOUIS

Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R.

Ticket Offices: 108 W. Adams St.
Tel. Harrison 5115 Automatic 52377

Dearborn Station

Tel. Harrison 3690

W. H. RICHARDSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

(49)

TRADE
ASBESTOS
MARK

WIFE, MOTHER, SWEETHEART, FRIEND.

A J-M Asbestos Table Cover

is always a delightful gift—appropriate for any occasion. It protects the table top from all marks, burns or stains, and lends softness and tone to the luncheon or dinner.

The removable Canton flannel jacket can be washed when desired. The course of a natural life is the length of their service.

It will please them—they have always wanted it.

Ask your dealer, or write direct to the manufacturers.

Largest Manufacturers of Asbestos
Goods in the World.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

201-231 Clybourn Street,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

TRADE
ASBESTOS
MARK

Fine Pattern HATS,
Stamped Linens, Pen-
nants and Pillows at

Mrs. M. A. Fralick's

131 N. MAIN ST., SOUTH BEND

Phones: Home 757; Bell 302

D. MacGREGOR, Manager.

Electric Service Company

ELECTRICAL

CONTRACTING and
SUPPLIES

115-117 West Colfax Avenue

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Hollingsworth-Turner Company

Velvet Ice Cream and Ices

We specialize in fancy Bricks & Molds

831 South Main St. South Bend, Ind.

Electric Appliances

Are most convenient and economical for use in preparing meals or dainty luncheons. No waste of time or heat—clean and safe.

*Indiana & Michigan Electric
Company*

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Swain, Earle & Co.,

63 Commercial Street
BOSTON, MASS.

IMPORTERS OF
TEA AND COFFEE

Solicit Your Business.

Established 1868

*Pure Food Catsup, Chili Sauce,
Mustard, Pork and Beans,
Etc.*

Hirsch Bros. & Co., Inc.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Oliver Hotel

"Best in the West"

South Bend, Indiana

Provides the very best the Market affords
at most moderate prices.

Daily Luncheon, 12 Noon to 2:30 P. M.....50c

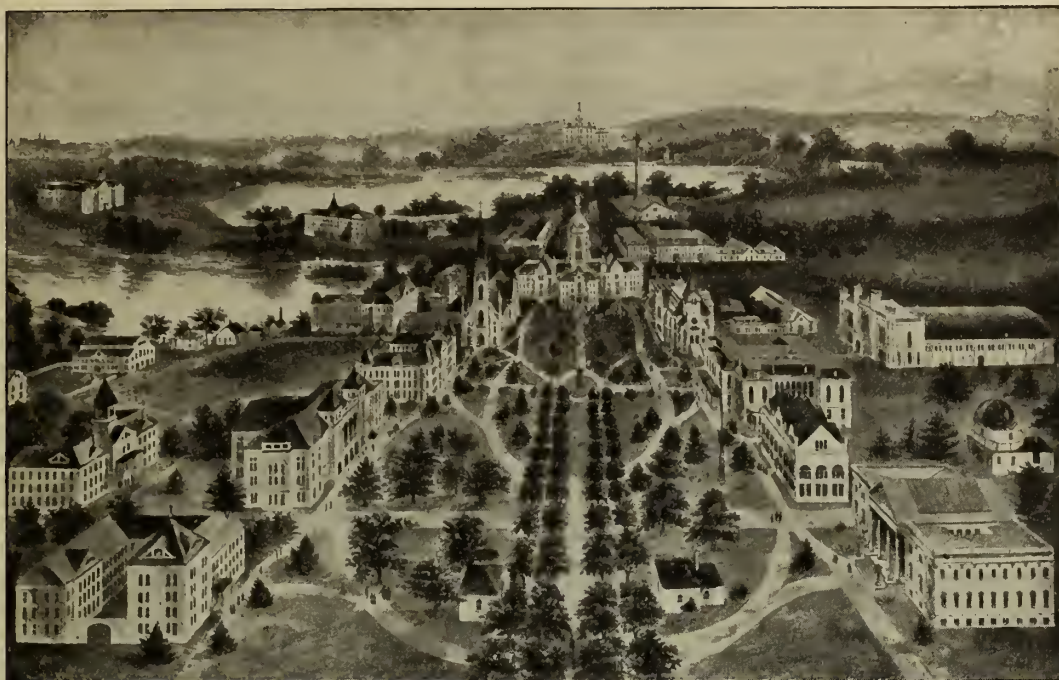
Daily Dinner, 6 P. M. to 8:30 P. M. (except Sunday)...75c

Sunday Dinner, 12 Noon to 8:30 P. M.....\$1.00

Dairy Lunch Room serves highest quality of Pastries
and other food products at prevailing Lunch Room Prices.

We cater to the wants of the students and their families who appreciate the high standard and refined atmosphere of the many departments of this Hotel.

Founded
1842



Chartered
1844

Full Courses in Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses.

Rooms Free to all Students who have completed the studies required for admission to the Sophomore, Junior or Senior year of any of the collegiate courses.

Rooms at a moderate charge for Students over Seventeen making the Preparatory Studies for any of the Collegiate Courses. St. Edward's Hall for boys under thirteen years, is unique in the completeness of its equipment. Catalogue Free. Address

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C., PRESIDENT

There's character and dignity to our 10- and 12-inch High Boots in Grey, Havana Brown and Black Vici Kid.

111 So. MICHIGAN ST.



The Popular Robertson Tea Room

CATERING DEPT.

Roll to Order.....20c doz.
Timbale Cases35c doz.
Cakes—special\$1.00 to \$1.50
Salads of all kinds furnished on short notice.

We cater to parties in our Tea Room or send supplies to your apartments.



OUR NOON-DAY LUNCHEONS

Are popular; served at popular prices—
..... 25c, 35c, 50c

We make all our own Pastries and Ice Creams.

Visit us when in town.

E. L. HASLER,
President

F. R. MONAWECK,
Manager

E. L. HASLER CO.,

WHOLESALE

FRUITS AND
VEGETABLES

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

BRANCHES:

Chicago — South Bend — Michigan City

The W. J. Feeley Company

Jewelers and Silversmiths
Ecclesiastical Art Metal Workers

New York, N. Y. Providence, R. I.
347 Fifth Ave. 185-203 Eddy St.



4096

Chalice 4096 is one of our recent productions. It is 9 inches high with sterling silver cup and patin, gold plated, and the price is \$30.00 Our illustrated reference book has 40 pages devoted to illustrations of Chalices and Ciboria at prices from eighteen dollars and upwards.

Sanctuary requirements in brass or bronze.



4877

Scapular Medal
Gold, each .85
Silver, each .15
Catalogue with
over 500 illustrations
of medals
and rosaries sent
free. Class emblems
and jewels.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

An Easter Canticle.
A King's Crown.
Poetry and Life.
The Resurrection.
The Resurrection and the Life.
The Italian Domination in England.
Easter Love.
Easter Gladness.
Easter.
Easter Dawn.
An Easter Rondeau.
Mother of Sorrow.

The Spirit of the Renaissance.
Peace, Be Still.
Mater Dolorosa.
The Ballad.
Resurrection.
Redemption.
The Family Group.
My Castle of Dreams.
Resurrection.
The Euphuists—Johy Lyly.
Easter Flowers.
Spring.

On His Way Home.
The Short-Story Writer and His Characters.
Easter Styles.
Our Nation's Pride.
Autobiography in Conversation.
The Proper Use of the Microscope.
The Cruelty of Cleverness.
Book Reviews.
Recitals.
Gleanings.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE AND ACADEMY

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW SAINT MARY'S

St. Mary's

Now in its 61st year of active educational work. St. Mary's Academy for Young Ladies has justly earned the reputation of being one of the most thoroughly equipped and successful educational institutions in the United States. The Academy buildings—large, well ventilated, commodious, heated with steam, supplied with hot and cold water, and with fire escapes,—are beautifully located on an eminence overlooking the picturesque banks of the St. Joseph River, in the highest and healthiest part of the State.

Courses of Study

All the branches of a thorough English, Classical and Commercial Education are taught by a competent faculty. French, German, English, Greek and Latin are taught without extra charge. Stenography and Typewriting extra.

The Conservatory of Music

Is conducted on the plan of the best Classical Conservatories of Europe. Three instrumental lessons and one in theory are included in the regular tuition; extra practice pro rata.

The Art Department

Embodies the Principles that form the basis of instruction in the best art schools of Europe. Pupils may pursue a special course in the schools of Painting and Music.

Minim and Preparatory

Pupils of tender age, and those who need primary training, are here carefully prepared for the Academic and Collegiate Courses. For Catalogue, containing full information, address

DIRECTRESS OF THE COLLEGE,
NOTRE DAME P. O. ST. JOSEPH CO., INDIANA

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

CHIMES ARE SWEET WHEN THE METAL IS SOUND

Vol. XXIV

St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., April, 1916

No. 8



Greater Love Hath No Man.

AN EASTER CANTICLE.

—
YE stars of heaven, rejoice
Ye planets, moon and sun,
Days, nights and passing years,
Lift high your silent voice.
Alleluia!

Ye heat and cold and snow
Ye storms, ye winds and rain,
Acclaim in accents strong,
That men God's power may know.
Alleluia!

Ye mountain, river, sea
Ye bird, ye beast, ye flower
And every living thing,
Show forth His majesty.
Alleluia!

For comes the day from night
To smile upon the earth,
So from keen sorrow's depths
Now issues forth the Light.
Alleluia!

Be glad, ye cherubim,
Ye dominations vast,
And all angelic choirs,
Exult ye seraphim.
Alleluia!

O Mary blest, rejoice,
Ye holy saints of God,
And with the Holy Church
Raise one accordant voice.
Alleluia!

Behold the risen King—
The Conqueror! Where is
Thy victory, oh grave?
O death, where is thy sting?
Alleluia!

M. A. HILLEKE, '18.

A KING'S CROWN.

UPON His noble brow a crown was pressed,—
 A royal diadem with jewels bright,
 Of crimson drops that caught the morning light
 And rubies formed where oozed His Blood in quest
 Of souls and fell on thorns. There self-confessed
 A King He stood; the scepter of His night—
 A broken reed—with majesty and right
 His fettered hands held close to His torn breast.

Behold the man! A soldier's purple cloak
 His shivering, bleeding form scarce hides in shame;
 Behold your King! resplendent as the sun
 Led forth to die, death's sentence to revoke;
 Behold your God upon the Cross aflame
 With Love Divine the Victor's crown He won.

S. M. A.

POETRY AND LIFE.

— "Ere man learned
 To hue the shaft and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthem,"—

ERE man knew how to rear beautiful mansions
 for his own habitation,—long before he knew
 the art of versification, his soul's emotions
 were manifested in rhythmic incantations. It was
 then, when he expressed the sincerest innermost
 feelings and thoughts of his soul, that he became
 most like nature,—rhythmic. Lamentations for
 the dead were accompanied by music,—monotonous,
 but causing the regular occurrence of accent.
 In the lyrical forms, chords struck on a
 musical instrument supplied the accent when the
 skill of the singer was deficient. The regular
 swing and movement of the dance assisted in
 selecting the correct word. Life has not existed
 without poetry.

The peoples of all past times have been making
 poetry in three ways. First, we have poems, con-
 scious art productions left to us from men of every
 age. Second, men of every nation have uncon-
 sciously molded forms in which noble thoughts
 are expressed. The rhythmic movements, dances
 and rude accompaniments of our ancestors pro-

duced various kinds of meter. Our wonderful
 wealth of language was not developed in a day.
 Nations fought, were conquered and absorbed by
 other nations; languages were welded into one;
 new words were uttered by thousands of
 tongues before they became fixed. Figures of
 speech were formed, spoken by thousands, and
 modified by repetition. These were polished and
 beautified by use, as the tones of a violin. Sensitive
 ears detected a likeness in consonant sound,—
 and alliteration resulted. Sensitive ears became
 conscious of a similarity in vowel sound,—and
 rime became a part of poetry. And third, men
 of all ages by their lives form the subject matter
 for this phase of literature. "A wide, rich,
 varied knowledge of life secured by the experience,
 observation, meditation of a countless multitude
 of persons," Mr. H. M. Mabie observes, "was the
 raw material of art. . . . Poetic minds began to
 reflect upon it, to organize it, to find delight in
 it, and, at last, to give it expression." Dante's
 work had been comparatively small, had not the
 treasures of thousands of lives been laid in store
 for him. Carlyle, in calling this great poet "the
 voice of ten silent centuries," appreciates the
 accomplishments of men, again using the words
 of Mr. Mabie, "who had been toiling and suffering,
 building states, organizing societies, elaborating
 a church with its creed,

ritual and government; evolving languages; bearing a world of burdens and doing a world of necessary, difficult, and in the main, noble work."

Poetry has given expression to all kinds of noble emotions. King David sings in exultation: "What ails thee O thou sea, that thou didst flee, and thou of Jordan, that thou wast turned back? Ye mountains that ye skipped like rams and ye hills like lambs of the flock?" Then immediately thinking of his own impotence, in the same psalm he says,—“Not us, O Lord, not to us, but to thy name give glory” (Ps. 113). He expresses his bitter anguish: “Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am weak: heal me, O Lord, for my bones are troubled” (Ps. 6). “For thy arrows are fastened in me. There is no health in my bones, because of my sins” (Ps. 37). “As the hart panteth after the fountains of water; so my soul panteth after thee, O Lord” (Ps. 41): thus David expresses his thirst for the Almighty. In loving trust and confidence he says: “Shall not my soul be subject to God? for from him is my salvation” (Ps. 61), and “The Lord is my light and deliverer, whom shall I fear?” (Ps. 26). In admiration and wonder, the king cries out: “O Lord our Lord, how admirable is thy name in

the whole earth! For thy magnificence is elevated above the heavens. . . . For I will behold thy heavens, the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hath founded. What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou visiteth him?” (Ps. 8.) All possible noble emotions of the soul have been expressed in the psalms. Poetry has given expression to the soul.

How much more inspiring are beautiful, lofty sentiments when clothed in elegant language and form! In truth, they are too sacred to be expressed in abrupt, clumsy phrases. Poetry has become the invisible vehicle for the passage of a man's innermost thoughts from his soul to the souls of others. Would Tennyson have expressed his sorrow to the world had it not been through the beautiful form of “In Memoriam?” Nor would Burns have expressed openly his secret love had it not been through poetry. Otherwise Wordsworth would not have given voice to his emotions and joys awakened by nature. It is these deep feelings of the heart that make poetry. Indeed when these vivifying impulses are lost, there is no poetry. Poetry interests us only so far as it is an expression of life.

MAY AGNES HILLEKE, '18.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE night winds fledged with mystery
A darkened tomb flit o'er in restless play,
While close beneath in starlit vale
Jerusalem in quiet slumber lay.
Two Roman soldiers armed stand
About the tomb and in its shadow hide,
A mighty stone the entrance seals—
To guard the body of the Crucified.

But 'ere the dawn the city gilds
With sunbeams clear, a world with trembling fright
Beholds an empty sepulchre.
A radiant being clothed in garment white
Sits watch the place his Master slept,
And saith full joyously—"He is not here
For He is risen as He said,
Behold death's mighty Conqueror appear!"

ELEANOR MOONEY, '18.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

YE songsters of the wood! Awake! Arise!
 In melody rejoicing sing
 A joyous alleluia to the skies,
 For He is risen, Christ, our King.

Deep night with fainting hope and doubt's despair
 Has fled and with its flight, the pain
 It wrought. Joy dyes the hearts of lilies fair
 To gold. The dawn brings hope again.

Sad earth, whose breast lies bleeding by death's spear,
 Whose burdened heart holds silent things
 Parted from life, forget thy saddened bier
 Knowing that life, that hope still springs
 From pain, as from the cross's bloody strife
 Arose the Resurrection and the Life.

IRENE FINNUP, '16.

THE ITALIAN DOMINATION IN ENGLAND.

IN the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Italian influence was making itself felt by modifying conditions in the intellectual development of England. This influence in its infancy centered about the great English University, Oxford. Since this was the center of English learning at the time, it was natural that the Italian Renaissance should appeal at first only to English scholars.

Before the Italian influence could penetrate deeply into all England, it had to be learned in its own country by English students and travelers. The Universities of Bologna and Padua were crowded with foreign students, because in these Universities philosophy, natural science, medicine, civil law and Greek were eminent, and here it was that English scholars distinguished themselves by making themselves masters in the subjects they were learning. Consequently upon their return to England, they betrayed the Italian influence the more. Others, then, eager for the learning which could not be found in England, sought for it in Italy and in this manner instituted a zeal for higher learning and culture. Humanism at this time was well under way in England, and provided a great field of work for the young English scholars who began to interest their fellow-countrymen in spreading the new Italian learning broadcast. It was to these men of lesser learning that an impetus for higher studies was given, and it was in this way that the active interest of the new learning in the intellectual world began its rapid development. Prog-

ress in the arts and in social life did not come until later. Among the clergy though, both intellectual and social progress began. Strong bonds between England and Italy were made by bishops sent on embassy to Rome, from whence they brought back new ideas, and gave them to their people.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century Italian traders had already established their commerce with England, and had met with great success and prosperity, which eventually became constant. In this way, Italian culture found its way into the court of England. The manners and accomplishments of these foreign men and women were admirably conspicuous, and set an entirely new code of etiquette which was taught and practiced. In conversation and courtesy, and even in costume the new foreign influence was felt.

Is it not expected, since the Italian influence so greatly transformed the people of England, that it would influence their literature and their arts? The genius of Italy did find its noblest expression in the fine arts. English painters, architects and sculptors copied Italian models, and although this may seem unimportant as far as literature is concerned, it really was to set the standard which literature would follow. Ingenuity in these arts became a source of wonderful skill which was yet to come.

Italy, rich in scholarship, excelled in poetry, and penetrated into all England with the study of its literature. The study of the classics was

encouraged by the Italian humanists. This school of classics was studied only by a few of an exclusive literary circle; later it became general. English writers took up the Italian forms of verse and meter. Among the first were Wyatt and Surrey, who made use of these forms in their own works. Petrarch in Italy had already made the sonnet form his own, but until this time it had not become popular. However, it was not long before France, Spain and England took it up. Thomas Wyatt perhaps the most popular poet of his time, fashioned the sonnet in England. He tried to write verse in the Petrarchan manner and succeeded well despite his lack of originality and freshness of expression. In fact, all the English Petrarchists alike, wrote in the same style and used the same ideas and conditions supplied by the general fund of ideas of the Italians. Their mottoes and epigrams were used extensively, and for a long time English poetry, unless it bore the stamp of Italian origin or workmanship, was not considered the best. Yet, it was not long before English poets began to realize their own ingenuity, and wished to equalize themselves with their Italian masters. Then a reaction set in against the domination of the Petrarchan influence, and Englishmen discarded imitation for originality. Sidney Spenser succeeded in showing his capability in attaining the standard of the old Italian poets, and really admired their lofty and moral ideals, but excepting these qualities, Italian influence did not mean much to him. On the other hand, minor poets needed the old models because from them they tried to improve their works. The great poets like Shakespeare took only from Italy those things which England did not offer. It is undoubtedly true that Italy gave England much in energy, freshness, imagination and purity, which qualities were manifested in the productions of the best English authors.

Gradually the narrative poems of the later Elizabethan age became popular, and this was largely due to foreign influence. Epic poets were well known in England, and their meters were being tried by many writers. The stories themselves were translated by English writers and published. Plagiarism was then not a vice, but instead it was considered praiseworthy to be able to translate accurately the entire story and call it one's own. This led to criticism which up

to this time had not been exercised by many readers and writers. Sir Philip Sidney introduced a standard of criticism on which a great part of later English literature was judged.

Still another influence in the later sixteenth century in England was that of Boccaccio's works on the English novel. Fiction writers were concerned chiefly with the Italian novelle which finally developed into the modern novel. In Boccaccio's "Decameron" more than half of the tales, though coarse and badly told, formed splendid plots for stories which were the basis for many of our greatest stories of today. Indeed, the controlling characteristic of the modern short story had its beginning in the compact simplicity of the tales in the "Decameron." These simple tales gave subject matter and incidents, scenery and setting, not only for the great Elizabethan dramatist who borrowed freely, but also to those whose imagination later concentrated itself in the great work of the English novel.

On the whole, the Italian domination in England had a twofold character.

Besides setting a special value of artistic form in the poetry, the art and in the higher things in English life, it also brought new material of every conceivable character to be reproduced in English literature by English skill. Its influences were romantic and classical, and set up a criterion for the judgment of literature to come.

JULIA SCHWARTZ, '17.

EASTER LOVE.

THREE Mary's stood beside the tomb,
'Twas early Easter morn:
Joy, happiness filled their pure hearts,
But late with sorrow torn.

Awe-stricken and with speechless lips,
They offered silent prayer,
For Christ had loosed the bonds of death—
And risen,—was not there.

Three lilies, pure and dazzling white,
Bend o'er the altar, fair,
Adoring God, from gold-dipped cups,
Their fragrance fills the air.

Unlearned in speech of human kind,
They pray as flowers know,
Offering praise to God in love,
With chalice hearts aglow.

MARY ROACH, '16.

EASTER GLADNESS.

REJOICE and sing most holy praise
On this, the Resurrection morn!

With joy our loving hearts we raise
To Him whose Gifts, our souls adorn.

Hail, King of Ages, from above!
Hail, Victor Christ, Consuming Love!

L. BROUSSARD, '18.

EASTER

MY dying God, each sigh, each throb
Of pain that in Thy death has part,
Has waked in me an answering sob,
Thou still must reign within my heart!

And if perchance some day I mourn
That they have taken my Lord apart,
Speak to me, comfortless, forlorn,
Tell me Thou still art in my heart!

Thy risen Self reveal to me,
The mystery of Thy love impart,
That I from sin may go to Thee
And ever dwell within Thy heart!

LUCILE HOURAN, '16.

EASTER DAWN.

TO me it is not given to paint
The glories of that morn;
God alone has pow'r
To paint that hour
When His Son was newly born.

But yet the Lord has given me strength
To tint the sorrowed heart,
Retouch its depths of woe with joy
And rays of peace impart.
Full well I see my mission then,—
To make those sad hearts sing!

Oh I'm glad for the happy hour
When was given the precious pow'r
To prepare for the Risen King!

G. HAMPTON, '18.

AN EASTER RONDEAU.

WHEN Christ arose from out the tomb,
And three days past was Calvary,
He proved Himself our God to be,

The Savior from eternal doom.
He died, that grace again might bloom
In souls of men eternally.

When He arose!
And am not I too, one for whom
He suffered death's cruel agony?
Oh! may this thought dwell tenderly
Within my heart, that love resume
Since He arose!

KATHLEEN NORTON, '19.

MOTHER OF SORROW.

MOTHER of Sorrows, Mother divine
 Was ever sorrow like unto thine?
 Deep as the sea, and bitter as gall,
 Dark as the night's enveloping pall.

Mother of Sorrows, Mother of God,
 Weary and blood stained thy tender feet trod
 Even the heights of Calvary dim,
 Step by step drawing closer to Him.

Mother of Sorrows, Christ's mother and mine,
 'Was there a sorrow ever like thine?
 Seeing thy Jesus, cross-laden, forlorn
 Crowned with the spikes of the pitiless thorn.

Mother of Sorrows thy heart crucified
 Opens to love us for whom thy Son died
 Conceived in thy anguish, brought forth in thy tears,
 We love thee, our mother, through life's changing years.

S. M. A.

THE SPIRIT OF THE RENAISSANCE.

THE Renaissance, or period in which ideas of pagan antiquity came into Christian Society, according to Dr. Nevin, dates at least from the eleventh century, but it reached its climax under Pope Leo X., in the sixteenth century.

During the middle ages, schools and classical study were in the hands of monks, while the laity was mostly engaged in wars. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Italy was enjoying her first peace, since the fall of Rome. The people then had time to turn their attention to other things, while contact with the Orientals during the crusades, had also contributed toward mental unrest and desire for change. This spirit was fostered by the Church, who had always been a patron of learning.

The monks had preserved the Greek and Latin classics through centuries of war and were well versed in both, because of studying them and because they had copied them, in the making of books.

The Church had always used what was good of Plato and Aristotle, so that the Renaissance really might be taken to mean the period when pagan learning, which had formerly been known to a few, became common to the masses.

In literature, this spirit is known as Humanism and was fostered by Boccaccio and Petrarch. Popes Nicholas V., Pius II. and Leo X. were Humanists, but of the conservative school, while Boccaccio and Petrarch were of the radical school.

It is quite evident that learning was growing just as rapidly, from the eleventh century to the time of Luther, as it has in any time since. Even in the tenth century St. Hrotsvitha, abbess of a convent in Gandesheim, composed plays, full of striking scenes, and possessing not only literary polish, but also such wit, humor and pathos that in more than one respect, they anticipated the drama.

During this time too, Irish monks were very active in building monasteries, towns and cities, on the continent and reclaiming wildernesses, founding schools and becoming the school men of the west. Perhaps in no other age, did Germany produce such men. Gerbert, who as Pope Sylvester II., was patron of learning and science, established chairs of mathematics and geography at this time.

During the eleventh century, history enjoyed one of its brightest periods. Lecture rooms and houses of learning were crowded. It is said that Abelard and Albertus Magnus counted their audiences by thousands. Schools for the poor were largely attended and beggar students held in great honor. The Church councils of this period decreed that every church which had the means should provide gratuitous, instruction for the poor, and encourage the study of languages.

The invention of printing in the fifteenth century made books more accessible to the multitude, and a spirit of patriotism was aroused by the destruction of the Spanish fleet, which had been threatening England. Many maritime ex-

peditions were carried out during this century. The globe was circumnavigated by Sir Francis Drake, and the Cabots explored the eastern coast of America. Ship building and agriculture became flourishing occupations. England in general was very flourishing and literature became the means of expressing vigor and imagination. Drama developed rapidly from simple pageants into works of art, and poetry became established in form, especially the Italian sonnet, which was brought into England. Translations from Greek and Latin at this time, by Petrarch, aroused a spirit of enthusiasm for pagan ideals, and men with less genius and more enthusiasm than Petrarch became lost in the admiration of Greek and Roman authors and their non-Christian ideas. Petrarch says, these men did not think they had done anything for philosophy unless they had "looked at Christ" and the supernaturalness of His doctrines.

This was the age of Shakespeare and of Spenser, but the Elizabethan period is portrayed more clearly in the "Fairie Queen" than in Shakespeare's works, which are more general and for all time, although both are representative works.

The Humanists' intoxication for Plato entered into most of the writings of this time, and excluded the older and simpler forms which had been in use for centuries. Academies fostered anti-Christian spirit and language was considered elegant only so far as it embraced mythological illusions.

For this reason, the religious spirit which had been growing for centuries now began to decline. An enthusiasm for free thought, combined with a laxity of morals, made up a great deal of the spirit of this age.

The attitude of the Church during this period was defined by such men as Savonarola, Erasmus and Sir Thomas Moore. Their opinion on the use of the ancient authors is sometimes called the Christian Renaissance. They allow culture its privilege, but define clearly the difference of its field from that of Holy Writ.

Moore's "Utopia" won a place for itself which it still holds as a monument to "a liberal scholar, a saint and a martyr." Social and religious problems were clearly defined by him. He wrote Latin with great force and elegance, and also many fine works in vernacular.

Art was fostered by the Church during this time in such men as Angelo and Raphael, who were in Italy.

Spain was not greatly affected by the Renaissance, yet one of her children, St. Ignatius Loyola, was instrumental in tempering its ardor, by founding the Jesuits, who did great work during this period.

The Renaissance never was absorbed into any theological movement and taken as a whole, may be credited with the blending of widely different ages and peoples into an enlarged historical system.

MARY DALY, '17.

PEACE, BE STILL.

PEACE, be still!" with voice majestic, kind,
 He lulled the raging billows of the sea,
 And calmed the fishermen of Galilee
 When, weary from the storm, their faith was blind,
 Nor thought they that the Master had a mind
 To them, "O Lord, we perish, set us free,"
 They cried,—and as He spoke in majesty
 Hushed were the tossing waves and rasping wind.
 So, thoughtless men upon the sea of life,
 When tides break hard and worldly ships seem lost,
 Forget to call on Him who watches near,
 Awaiting to uplift them from their strife,
 To save what they desire at any cost,
 If they will only ask and never fear.

TERESA CURRY, '17.

MATER DOLOROSA.

MY heart calls to Thee, but my lips are dumb.
 I bade Thee go, and yet if Thou mightst come,
 The desert of my heart would bloom again,
 And life be sweet and full, not empty, then.
 My heart calls to Thee, but my lips are dumb.

It seems but now against my heart Thou slept;
 But yestere'en I sought Thee, lost, and wept,
 Love knowing of this greater, sadder loss.
 I bade Thee go; Thou went unto the cross.
 It seems but now against my heart Thou slept.

Thou'rt gone! May God be with us, O, my Son!
 Thy work on earth, Thy wondrous work, is done.
 The sin-seared heart is healed, new hope is born.
 The earth is bright with everlasting morn.
 Thou'rt gone and yet Thou'rt with us, O, my Son!

MARGUERITE McENERNY, '16.

THE BALLAD.

AS Ballads were seldom reproduced in writing until long after their composition, no date or clime may be recorded accurately for the origin of this popular form of poetry.

On the soft balmy air of a moonlight night in Spain comes the sweet, plaintive zang, zang, of the guitar and the voice of a minstrel troubadour, now soft and tender, now rising in force and excitement as he sings the tale of some adventurous torreador or one of Don Juan Manuel's "De Espanol Romanceros."

In the picturesque little village of Charing Cross or Dover we must creep up to the window, for England's air is not so balmy. We see the family gathered 'round the blazing hearth in the quaint old kitchen with its shining pots and pans, and cupboards of marmalade. The children sit in wide-eyed wonder while father tells the tale of "Robin Hood"—of "Friar Tuck"—"Maid Marion" and "Little John" who hunted in the "Forest of Sherwood" in the "Merrie Month of Mae."

The little boy herding his sheep over the wind-swept moor of Scotland, dreams of the "Battle of Flodden" told by his old "grannie" the night before. Now he is as "Tomas of Erysdonue" dwelling in fairy land 'till every blooming heather-blossom on the moor grins and nods like an elf.

The little oak hut in Denmark clinging to a precipitous rock, where the lash of the sea, and the

blast of the wind sounds loud and long, holds just as much pleasure as the others for over a wooden cradle bends a fair-haired mother softly crooning to her future hero the ballads of Svned Grundtvig's "Danmarks Gancle Falkeniser."

The pleasure of the Ballad in those happy days was the pleasure of all. Poetry lived on the lips of the people. It was enjoyed and treasured as the property and heritage of the whole Aryan family.

The Ballad is the oldest known form of poetry. We have the earliest tales of the Scops and Glee-men who composed ballads for the amusement of banquet guests. Minstrels went about singing or reciting stories in verse of some event or adventure and so kept the people informed in much the same manner as the newspapers of our day. Sometimes they were the result of fetes with dancing and light airs. The word Ballad is derived from "ball" meaning to dance. A survival of this custom are the children's games "London Bridge" and "Farmer in the Dell." The first preserved forms were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among these are "Robin Hood" tales, "The Nut Brown Maid" and "Chevy Chase"—all of English origin.

The English and Scotch ballads were narrative songs written in a variety of meters but in what is known as the Ballad Stanza. Their charm lies not in their technical perfection but in their spontaneity, sincerity and graphic power. Sir Philip Sidney wrote "I never heard the old song of

Percy and Douglas but I found myself more moved than by a trumpet, and yet it is sung but by some old blind fiddler with no rougher voice than rude style." And Ben Jonson says he would rather have the credit for having written the old ballads than any other. The true folk song has been exalted at the expense of other forms of verse because of its delightful naiveté which heightens pathos and softens humor. They come straight from the heart as free and fresh as the bubbling mountain stream. We follow their adventures with the zest of personal adventure, seldom stopping to analyze or moralize. How different from our modern drama! But their dramatic qualities are strong, for the reader sees and feels and does not speculate. The lesson is obvious. Goethe has caught the charm of the popular ballad when he remarks that the value of these songs lay in the fact that their motives are drawn directly from nature, and he added that in the art of saying things compactly, uneducated men have greater skill than those who are educated.

Besides the gems which the Ballad has left us, its influence on literature are worth consideration. Sir Walter Scott was nurtured and fed on the Ballads of Caledonia and the outcome was the "Waverly Novels," the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." The Ballad was the literary master. It had many imitators such as Coleridge in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and in many others this same influence may be traced.

But for themselves alone let us prize and treasure the Ballads, for after all, "old songs are the sweetest."

GRACE M. BETZNER, '19.

REBORN.

A too brief life, a certain death we see,
As years pass, pregnant for eternity.
Eternal resurrection we are taught,
Through other agony, redemption-fraught.
And yet through sin a thousand deaths we feel,
A thousand times, through grace, are raised to kneel
In grief before our Saviour, crucified;
Ere, rise we, glorified.

MARGUERITE McENERNY, '16.

REDEMPTION.

THE Cross is gone from Calvary's barren height,
With sorrow fled, new joy reigns everywhere,
Blest Hope is come to conquer night's despair,
The earth resplendent is in Easter light.

Rejoice! my soul, and alleluias sing,
Awake, oh birds, your blithest carols raise,
Ye flowers, be glad, your perfumes give in praise
Of Christ, Who is Our Glorious Risen King.

M. McDUGAL, '18.

THE FAMILY GROUP.

IT was Saturday morning, Sawitzski walked up and down the length of his beautiful rooms. He was a restless man—people generally called him "finiky." I think they got the impression from his long, extremely sensitive looking nose, and the way he had of carrying his chin, as if he regarded it as the barrier between other people's business and his own.

Everything about the studio showed this photographer-man to be an artist of the first water. The soft tones of the tapestries blending so harmoniously with the green walls, the exquisitely wrought candlesticks on the cabinet, the desk-set upon the open desk; all marked the man as one upon whose sensitive soul, anything unlovely would jar as a delicate musical instrument under the touch of a rude hand.

It was Saturday morning and he was waiting for his young friend, Robertson, who always visited him on Saturday mornings. Robertson had been connected with the English department of the college at the south of town for the last two years. Congeniality of tastes had drawn the two men together—Sawitzski had no keener pleasure than listening to the poems and sketches that his friend read so well, and Robertson could spend hours looking at the old photographs that had collected in the back room—he loved to watch the work of the artist too; but he had a mania for hunting out his "types," so he would often leave his friend and the finished portraits to hunt for his "interesting folk" in the back room.

Sawitzski heard Robertson step down the hall—he knew that it was the Professor. No one else had a step just like that.

"Come in, man," he called as the steps came

nearer, "I've been looking for you for an hour." His friend entered carrying a slender volume in his hand. "I've a real picture for your scrutiny this morning and a real story for your perusal," and he motioned his friend to a comfortable chair on the other side of the table.

"Whence do they hail?" asked the Professor as he laid his book upon the table.

"The story, from two very interesting visitors I had last night, and the picture from an old collection of my father's which I have never shown you."

A "humph" from Robertson meant assent for Sawitzski to proceed.

"They, my visitors, were an old man and woman, who came to me in great distress of mind last evening. It appears they are natives of a village near C where my father had a shop before moving here. You know he moved here when I was in school at Montreal. Fifteen years ago they had a picture taken of their family around the front door of their old home. This old home burned down last week,—and all their possessions—imagine, man, the accumulation of the treasures connected with the happiest years of their life—all were destroyed. They told me that the worst disappointment of their life was when their son, a discontented lad of fifteen had gone away from home, and had never returned to them. Next to that this recent loss of theirs was more like the poignant sorrow of losing one of their own, than anything they had ever experienced. They were looking for this picture which my father had taken—since they could not have the reality, the semblance would mean

something to them—and they had come down here from C to inquire for it of my father's son. I think the most prized possession which they lost was their old family picture album. Robertson,—continued Sawitzski—all this time he had been so absorbed in the story he was telling that he had not noticed the professor's strained attention. "I was mighty glad that I had kept my father's chest of pictures—mighty glad that it contained two of the pictures that meant so much to these people."

"The picture," said Robertson, rather feebly,

"Ah—yes—there you'll find plenty of your 'types,' old man." And the photographer produced the family group from the drawer of his desk. "Are they not typical land dwellers? Notice how the old place seems a part of them—and that lad of sixteen years. There is something in his face that gives me the feeling that I have met him somewhere." Sawitzski was accompanying these remarks with his index finger on the picture, but he ceased suddenly as he caught the almost wild look in the eyes of his friend. Then he realized that Robertson had clasped the picture to his breast—that he had seized his hat and was making for the door.

"What is it, old man? Hold on! Where are you going?"

"Back home to them," said the Professor and vanished. Sawitzski stared at the place where the man had disappeared,—then he looked around the room. After a while he sat down at his desk and continued to stare—fixedly into space.

"Tomorrow is Easter," he mused, "what an Easter for them."

ANNA MATHIAS, '17.

MY CASTLE OF DREAMS.

WHEN the deepening shadows of eventide slip
From the grasp of the fading sunbeams,
I unfurl the bright sails of my memory's ship
And I float to my Castle of Dreams.

There I see the sweet faces of life's dearest friends,
Hear the music of voices now still;
Feel the soft, gentle touch of compassion that mends
The torn places of sorrow's stern will.

O'er the water the laughter of long, happy hours,
Dies away to faint echoes of song,
And peace—laden sweet with the incense of flowers
Guides the stern, while I'm drifting along.

Ah, too soon are the sails of my memory ship
Furled and anchored by morn's rosy beams!
All reluctant the shades of the eventide slip—
Slip away from my Castle of Dreams.

MARION TYLER, '17.

RESURRECTION.

THROUGH all the dull, enduring years,
 With anxious thoughts and bitter tears,
 They waited long, with sad hearts worn
 By hope deferred and anguish torn.

Then lo! the darkness disappears,
 Gone are the awful doubts and fears,
 And grateful hearts are now upborne
 To God, on Resurrection Morn!

CATHERINE REMPE, '16.

THE EUPHUISTS—JOHN LYLY.

EUPHUISM is the affected style of conversation and writing fashionable in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was characterized by antithesis, alliteration, a profession of similes often drawn from fabulous natural history, and a pervading effort after elegance. Euphuism will always connote bad taste and affectation. The Euphuists were those who practiced euphuism. With them, language was first—and matter secondary.

The founders and most noted of the school of Euphuists was John Lyly. He was born probably in 1554, and studied at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he obtained more reputation as a wit than as a scholar. The first part of his Euphues, "The Anatomy of Wit," appeared in 1579 and at once made him famous. "Euphues and his England" was published in 1580.

The story of Euphues is: Euphues is a youth of quick parts and generous impulses, who comes from the Academy at Athens, where he has been educated, to see the world in Naples. There he meets with an aged gentleman called Eubulus, who offers him much counsel and warning on the conduct of life; but Euphues rejects it with scorn. He finds a more congenial companion in a young man called Philantus and he strikes up a romantic friendship with him. By Philantus he is introduced to Lucilla, to whom Philantus is engaged, and they all dine together. During the meal Euphues attracts the admiration and affection of Lucilla by the ingenuity and wit he displays. He falls in love with Lucilla, as she with him. But he conceals his love from his friend Philantus by pretending that another lady is the cause of it.

In the meantime he opens his heart to Lucilla and becomes engaged to her. A rupture natural-

ly ensues between Euphues and Philantus and between Lucilla and her father who had designed her for Philantus. A solution of the entanglement is found in the conduct of Lucilla who crowns her inconstancy by forsaking Euphues for Curio, who is introduced for this sole purpose. Euphues regains the friendship of Philantus, abandoning Lucilla as most abominable and goes back, a wiser man, to study philosophy in retirement at Athens where he writes a treatise on education and a refutation of atheism.

In the sequel produced a year later, Euphues and Philantus visit England. They discourse on love and state-craft with an old bee-keeper in Kent. They visit the court and there Philantus marries, and Euphues leaving England, retires, tormented in body and grieved in mind, to his cell at Silexsedra.

The book deserves to be approached with respect, if only for this reason, that it exercised an enormous influence on greater men than Lyly and set the first fashion in novel-writing. Lyly's style of writing exercised so great an influence on the language of the age, that whatever in Shakespeare's diction appears far-stretched and affected is to be laid to Lyly's account and to be regarded as the echo of the prevailing tone of his art. That Shakespeare studied Lyly's work is clear, both from certain maxims and witticisms which he must have borrowed from Lyly, and from certain passages in which he has closely imitated him.

The main characteristics of his style which are vastly more important than the stories are three: 1. The structure of the sentence is based on antithesis and alliteration or cross-alliteration, almost every sentence, being balanced in two or more parsonic parts, chiming in sound and changing in sense, 2. For the amount of classical allusion and reference to classical authority which passes the borders of the ludicrous, 3. By employment of a real or fictitious natural history.

In Lyly's time human knowledge was one and his attempt may serve to illustrate that oneness, which was to the Elizabethans both an inspiration and a snare. So Lyly took the whole available store of knowledge for his wardrobe, and used it to deck his style. Too often, indeed, the wrong side is turned outward. Yet his writing is all witty, similes, it is true, are misapplied, facts are falsified to supply comparisons, but all this is the

outcome of the same quick-wittedness and versatility which marked the Elizabethan gentleman, who made of the world a whetstone for his wit.

The fashions and customs of the English on which Lyly spent his gravest invective were those that were also attacked by Ascham, Stubber and Howell. There is no more signal instance of the imitative tendencies that Lyly attacks than his own style, which has been shown by careful study and research to be a motley compound made up from many sources and yet the style is Lyly's own. Lyly's work was to combine and carry to their extreme development the literary fashions that he found in vogue and to raise them to the dignity of a convention; hence he is justly called the inventor of a new English.

This Euphuus served to mark the transition from verse to prose as the vehicle for narrative romantic fiction. Lyly in his "prose poem" devised a kind of compromise and paid the price of compromise in being quickly superseded. The transition itself took long to accomplish and it was not till Dryden's time that prose ceased to feel the glamour of its greater rival, poetry. And long before, Lyly's work had become no more than an historical landmark.

Lyly made a discovery which was of permanent value and for which he ought to receive full credit. While the language of philosophy and criticism was still in a fluid state, he perceived the advantage of clearness, correctness and precision, in the arrangement of words. It was not altogether his fault if his age was more favorable to the development of language than to the expression of thought. He, at least, showed the possibilities of balance and harmony in English prose composition; and the form which he established in the structure of the English sentence has never been entirely lost sight of, by his successors.

MILDRED CRULL, '17.

EASTER FLOWERS.

AH, wondrous sight on Easter morn!
When ev'rywhere sweet flowers bloom,—
The lily, rose, and violet
Combining then their sweet perfume.

It matters not to them the least,
If winter sends a chilling blast,
For flow'rs that bloom on Easter hats,
Through all the summer season last.

ERMA SAGENDORPH, '18.

SPRING.

Today 'tis spring.
Tomorrow may be what it will—
Today 'tis spring—
From southland birds are on the wing,
The robins answer trill with trill,
And gladness doth all hearts o'er fill.
Today 'tis spring.

NANCY DALY, '19.

ON HIS WAY HOME.

"HELLO, Tom, what do you think of that fix-up for tonight?"
"Great! You sure will have the laugh on Bob."

The first speaker was an athlete, tall, dark and clean cut. A year of camp life had made him good to look at. His companion, the chief engineer, was a short, red-haired, individual, keen-eyed and wiry. The person in question, Bob Warner, had gone through college life with Tom, and both, after graduation, had decided to take a year of practical civil engineering. Their apprenticeship was nearly up. Bob had had more than one laugh on Tom, but now it was Tom's turn. On this particular night Bob had an engagement with a young lady in the neighboring village about ten miles from camp. The other members of the camp had each contributed some extra piece of apparel so that Bob was well suited for the occasion.

Train robbers were not unusual in that part of the country and there was only one road home so Tom chuckled to himself as he pictured poor Bob kneeling to him for mercy.

About nine-thirty the good-nights were said and Tom went into his tent. There he lay on his cot and, from time to time, he glanced with a mischievous eye toward the clock. Eleven-thirty came, the practical joker left his tent and walked briskly along the road. Patiently he waited. The mournful cry of the coyote was all that broke the stillness of the night. It seemed that he had waited hours. Soon he heard faint whistling, it grew louder and now he saw a figure approaching. Nearer and nearer it came. It was Bob. Slipping behind the bushes he waited. Cautiously he jumped out, a shot was fired, a piercing cry, and Tom fell—and heard a voice say rather gruffly:

"Hey, Tom, get up; it's your turn to make the coffee this morning."

TERESA CURRY, '17.

THE SHORT-STORY WRITER AND HIS CHARACTERS.

WE are accustomed to say of any work of fiction that it contains three elements of interest, the characters, the plot, and the setting.

Let us take the first of these elements, and note the attitude of the short-story writer to his characters. Where does he meet them? How are they made clear and interesting to the reader?

Upon first acquaintance, the characters may be living men and women, neighbors of the writer. He brings them into fiction by writing a character sketch of each. He looks upon this sketch with a calm, deliberate judgment. But unconsciously, he exaggerates some characteristics. Every novelist has his favorite character, and on the other hand, his sense of justice is outweighed by personal prejudices. Aiding these prejudices, the creative faculty is at work; with a longer acquaintance the writer allows the creative faculty full play, and builds the characters as they would be useful to fiction. The people finally become as real as the ones from whom they were drawn.

We have seen that the short-story writer must have a creative faculty; hand in hand with this, goes imagination. The writer sees his character as vividly as if they lived. They are real human beings.

Democracy is a third essential. He must deal with all classes and people. He must become intensely interested in the struggles, the failures, the ambitions, and the triumphs of his characters. Sympathy must be a part of the democracy and a large part. One cannot portray the woes of

others, unless he can suffer those woes. He does not need to suffer actually, but if he is conscious of the capacity to suffer, he can put down its important features.

There are various attitudes to be taken toward the characters. The writer may gaze up toward them in frank admiration of their beauty and virtue. Such was the attitude of Hawthorne toward the child Ernest, in the "Great Stone Face." On the other hand, there are examples of the author looking down upon his characters, in an attitude, not merely of detachment, but of apparent hostility. Maupassant shows this attitude toward Madame Laisel, in "The Necklace." But there is a happier mean between these two extremes, when the author stands on a level with his characters, looking them frankly in the eyes, reading each weakness clearly, but studying them, as it were, with the level gaze of friendship. This is the attitude of Spearman toward his characters in "The Railroad Stories."

The short-story writer and the novelist have very little in common, in the scope of time and the number of characters possible in their respective literary mediums. But the former, like the latter, is the social sponsor for his own fictitious characters. He cannot ask his readers to meet fictitious people, whom it is neither of value, nor of interest to know. Since he acts as sponsor, he should know his characters, and look upon them in a friendly manner during the brief acquaintance in a short-story. If he is careful that his characters are worth knowing intimately, he can make his readers intimate with them.

MARY GRAHS, '16.

EASTER STYLES.

THE grass was young and tender,
The place was roomy too,
Where Bunnies came to render
Their homage which was due.

The King had called a meeting
Of all his subjects true,
To plan their Easter Greeting
As loving subjects do.

The styles in gowns were changing,
He wanted something new
For eggs, the color ranging
From pink to deepest blue.

The designs and colors chosen
From those they had to view,
You just keep on supposin'
Till Easter day comes true.

M. MERSMAN, '18.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE PUPILS OF

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Directed by the Sisters of the Holy Cross,
NOTRE DAME, IND.

Entered at Notre Dame Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

TERMS. - - - \$1.50 PER ANNUM

APRIL, 1916.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief - - - MARGUERITE McENERNY
Assistant Editor-in-Chief - - - MARY ROACH
Literary Editor - - - IRENE FINNUP

Local Editors,

LUCILE HOURAN, FLORENCE OLESON

Assistant Editors,

MARY GRAHS, CATHERINE REMPE, ELOISE REDMOND
CATHERINE LENNON, MARCELLA MERSMAN

OUR NATION'S PRIDE.

Before the day when scientists, forgetful of the law of humanity, would make home, love and all that life holds noblest, subservient to their investigations, the District of Columbia was selected and set apart, not as the property of one man, not under the jurisdiction of a party of men for a definite period, but as an inalienable inheritance of an united people and their posterity.

Most providential was that design to plan a Nation's Capital uncontrolled by State partisanship, or by individual State desire for aggrandizement and power,—a city which should be the American Nation's boast, a city free from graft, but built through united effort stimulated by personal patriotism and national pride, a "City Beautiful," with all that nature and art combined could secure. And what of that design since its conception in 1789? What concerted efforts have been made to develop and perfect the original plan, and with what results?

Note the various enactments of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 up to the present, the outcome of the Park Improvement Proposal, of the Public Art League, of the National Capital Centennial, of the Commission of 1900 and its report, the further work of the Park Commission Plan and the Fine Arts Council,—WASHINGTON, the Country's lasting memorial to its "Father," to the fidelity and generosity of a united peoples.

What of the future? Shall the Nation's Capital, deservedly held first among all cities in this

land of Liberty, and revered as the sanctuary of the highest powers of the Federal Government, become a prey to the commercial interests of the selfish few who would ruthlessly blight, if not destroy, the work of years? Are national feeling and civic pride at so low an ebb as to permit such (shall we say desecration) and not cry out in protest? Shall the proud city of a heretofore justly, proud nation be made the workshop of the wealth-mad corporations, while its oath-bound sons with deafened ears and mute tongues submit? No. It is the duty of every citizen of the United States to take vital interest in this matter and voice an ardent protest against the present proposals to thwart the carefully prepared plans of the Park Commission to make the City of Washington in every sense, Our Nation's Pride.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN CONVERSATION.

Just what degree of prominence and influence must a person have attained before he can write with impunity an autobiography? Let those who deal in exact sciences give an exact answer. For ordinary purpose we do not need to shave it off to the fraction of a scruple but can say he must have attained no less prominence than our own Benjamin Franklin, who, we will all agree, wrote a very charming autobiography. But if he, Franklin—had not tempered all of it with his wonderful simplicity and saneness it would never be read today. Yet obvious as is this fact, nearly all of us attempt an oral autobiography in almost all of our conversations. We do it unconsciously. It is a peculiar thing—this everlasting reiteration of the Ego. Suppress it, stamp on it, crush it, and rubber-ball-like it will bound back to its original position. Your companion begins to tell a story—it is of something he has just witnessed, and immediately insistent calls begin to ring into your memory exchange and you can not wait for him to finish in order to relate your own experience along that line. Nothing furnishes a more delightful theme of conversation (to yourself) than to launch out into a detailed narration of one of your former experiences—providing of course that you shift your scenes and your characters so as to leave no doubt in the mind of your audience as to who was the real hero of the occasion.

This is a fault which belongs to grown ups exclusively—very young children are never guilty. But if there is one happy feature about it, it must

be this—conversation is such that the air takes up our words and no library shelf is burdened with a dusty copy of them.

THE PROPER USE OF THE MICROSCOPE.

The self-evident is generally the least attractive, which probably accounts in part for the fascination of microscopic study.

The most commonplace looking stem or leaf, or the most repulsive looking insect, when viewed under the microscope, reveals marvelous beauties in construction and design and proves interesting beyond measure.

Just so with the microscopic properties of our friends. No one knows of the depth of kindness or beauty of character which is often covered by a rough unattractive exterior. Many gruff remarks are only uttered to conceal some emotion which might otherwise be brought to light.

The surface of a melon leaf is very rough and harsh looking, but the microscope shows a maze of beautiful crystal columns which the naked eye does not see. There are many persons around us, who possess attributes just as attractive and beautiful but just as hidden.

The proper use of life's microscope brings out the beautiful high-lights of such lives as these and shows to the world beauties which would otherwise remain in obscurity.

THE CRUELTY OF CLEVERNESS.

It has been very well said that a clever person is one who says things about others, that they are too polite to say about him. Perhaps this is the reason that one seldom seeks out a clever person for sympathy. Yet how many well meaning people, to pay a compliment, as they think, tell one how clever he is. It should be considered rather uncomplimentary to be classed among the clever if the first statement, made, is true. There are too many pleasant things one could say without wounding the feelings, by cruel, clever remarks; too many important topics worthy of consideration to waste precious time thinking up clever answers for innocent questions. If one feels himself to be clever, let him rather strive to make it less cruel and more humane because it is never pleasant to wound the feelings of others by cleverness.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Under such unhallowed chapter headings as "A Center Shot," "Bad Umpiring," "On Snake Charmers" and "Imitating Towser," one would scarcely expect to find much material in the nature of soul guidance. Yet, in an unpretentious little volume called "Talks to Boys," the Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J.; has proved himself a keen, sympathetic student of boy nature and has gone far toward solving a long standing problem in spiritual book-making for our Catholic youths.

There is a freshness and vitality about the book that will give it a ready passport into the most irresponsible circles of "Boyville." Its aliveness makes it wellnigh irresistible. Spiritual truths are presented in so unique, yet so convincing a manner that the average boy may readily assimilate them.

(Price 50 cts.)

THE QUEEN'S WORK PRESS, St. Louis, Mo.

* * * *

"FELIX O'DAY."

Felix O'Day is the last and perhaps the best novel of F. Hopkinson Smith. We say "last" with regret because the author of this splendid book died only a few months ago at the age of seventy-two. In the business world he was known as Frank Hopkinson Smith and was a contractor; in fact he was forty-seven years of age before he wrote his first novel. Owing to this, his work shows the careful discrimination of a middle-aged man, and is mature in character. It can be recommended without exception; it is full of a large-hearted, wholesome love of humanity, refined and refreshing humor, with not a little deep spirituality. Felix O'Day, an English nobleman, in New York, gives the name to the book and is its chief character. Next to him, and even dominating him, we would place Father Cruse, the indefatigable settlement priest, the spiritual magnet, toward which every desperate, desolate soul between Madison Square and 28th street, vibrated. The heart-breaking search for the runaway Lady Barbara, the endless tramping of the streets by night, and the diverting occupation of clerk in an old curio shop by day, make up the life of Mr. O'Day and the plot of the story. Otto Kling, the owner of this shop, and his little daughter Masie, Kitty and John Cleary, with whom Mr. O'Day roomed, all make for the

stranger's happiness and comfort, in their eager, simple way. Tim Kelsey, the hunch-back, Sam Dogger and his fellow artist, Nat Ganger, are depicted with sympathetic realism seldom met outside of Dickens. The novel fulfills its purpose, and is a splendid example of clean, wholesome fiction written about and for the heart of humanity.

(Pub.—CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS).

* * * *

MONEY MASTER.

The "Money Master" is the latest of the novels of Sir Gilbert Parker, and while not excelling his early and very splendid story "The Right of Way," it compares favorably with the best of his recent work, "The Seats of the Mighty" and "The Judgment House."

The story is laid in Canada and Jean Jacques Barbelle, philosopher is the interesting personage, who dominates the whole story of love and disappointment. We feel the personality of the Money Master and follow him through his whole history of proud labors, proud loves and bitter but proud failures to make life accord with his philosophy.

With the little old clerk of the court we gaze up at the Manor Cartier and wonder at the life within, but not without wishing Jean Jacques, his beautiful wife, the Spanische, and the little daughter Zoe, all happiness. And with hearts sad as that of Virginie Poncette we see Jeane's proud and silent disappointments with the loss of each love in turn, most dear to him.

Gilbert Parker having lived for a time in Canada, has given a most real picture of Canadian life in the small domestic parish of St. Saviors. Its peaceful monotony and simplicity are emphasized by the contrast to Carmen's Spanish love of romance and intense excitement.

The title of the book suggests its moral, the cruel failure resulting from a neglected home life in the all engrossing idea of gain, the sacrifice of Jean, the man; and Jean, the philosopher, to Jean, the Money Master.

(Pub.—HARPERS AND BROS.)

* * * *

"THE HEART OF A MAN."

"The Heart of a Man," by Richard Aumerle Maker, first appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review* under the title, "Socialism or Faith."

It may be considered one of the best expositions of the Labor Question in America, besides being a keen sociological study.

The principal characters are James Lloyd, the Socialist and Catholic; John Sargent, the moneyed power and capitalist; and Dean Driscoll, parish priest and great balance wheel between the other two.

The entire story, except two telling glimpses of Albany and New York, takes place in the little town of Milton, New York. It divides itself into two great struggles, one between labor and capital, the other between spiritual and physical strength. Everywhere the contestants are confronted and balked by the strength, the unswerving attitude of the Catholic Church.

Jim Lloyd, the leader of the strike going on in the mill, has worked himself up to be the strongest and most competent man there, but is desperate because of his limitations. He foresees the day when he shall be replaced by some young man from a technical school, because "he is too old," and he tries to beat against the Church which he really loves. Sargent offers Lloyd \$50,000 if he will end the strike but Jim refuses.

The story reaches the climax on Christmas eve; in the sentence by a bought jury and judge on Jim Lloyd, and the discharge of all the old hands in the mill. There is an assault on the court house and Jim is released. Under his guidance the town is taken over and there remains only one thing for the perfection of his plan. John Sargent must die. Jim Lloyd must kill him. The siege of the mill, the driving of Sargent to his last stronghold, the disablement of the detectives by the fire-hose, the shooting of the dwarf and the final struggle between Sargent and Jim Lloyd are vividly portrayed. But something will not let Jim kill John Sargent, as he tells Dean Driscoll: "I tried, I tried, Father. I had my hand on his throat. And I could not do it. I could not do it."

"The Heart of a Man" is the best and strongest book published on the question of Socialism and through Father Driscoll expresses the Catholic view. He says simply that the true gospel of Socialism was taught first in the Sermon on the Mount, that it is summarized in the Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which is Christianity and Faith.

(BENZIGER BROS., NEW YORK).

RECITALS.

"The uplifted spirit hardly knows
Whether the Music-light that glows
Within the arch of tones and colours seven,
Is sunset-peace of earth, or sun-rise joy of Heaven."
— VAN DYKE.

On March twentieth, St. Mary's students heard a delightful song-recital by the Reynolds Sisters. Both singers have flexible voices, exchanging parts with ease. The first group of the program was devoted to the folk songs of Brittany. Attired in the peasants' Sunday dress, and giving dramatic interpretation to the charming ballads, the Sisters made an intelligent appreciation possible. The second and third groups included songs of high standard and merit, comprising some well-known operatic duets. In these, the singers proved themselves capable of giving us the promised "real music," and thereby won recognition from St. Mary's, as distinguished entertainers.

* * * *

The last of the Graduate Recitals, Class '16, St. Mary's Conservatory of Music, were given by Miss Marie Carmody of Shreveport, La., March 8, and Miss Mary Mahony of Rawlins, Wyoming, March 30. Miss Carmody's work was characterized by beautiful phrasing, intelligent interpretation and unusually fine technique. The Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 13, was rendered in a manner which displayed understanding and security rare in so young a pianist. The numbers on her program were

- Fantasie "Lohengrin" - - - Wagner-Alberti
Second Piano—MISS D. BALBACH
Violin—PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL
- Romanze }
The Eagle } - - - - - Mac Dowell
- Vocal Solo—O, Divine Redeemer - - - Gounod
MISS R. GOODRICH
Piano—MISS G. CARMODY
Violin Obligato—PROF. R. SEIDEL
- Gavotte - - - - - Niemann
A la bien aimée - - - - - Schuett
Violin—PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL
- Notturmo, Op. 48, No. 1 - - - Naprawnik
Etude, Op. 18, No. 3 - - - Moszkowski
Allegro - - - - - V. Lachner
Violins—MISSES G. HAMPTON, E. REDMOND, B. KESSLER
M. MADDEN, M. McILWEE, R. KLEIN, M. KELLEY
PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL
- Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 13 - - - Liszt
Polonaise - - - - - Gobbart
First Piano—MISSES G. CARMODY, M. MAHONEY
Second Piano—MISSES R. GOODRICH, D. BALBACH
Violin—PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL

Miss Mary Mahoney's program reflected a sense of delicacy and rare good taste. Her playing was of an interesting character distinguished by splendid rhythm, beautiful phrasing and perfect pedalling. Correctness of interpretation and emotional appreciation were manifest throughout the numbers. Miss Mahoney's work on the harp also is worth of special commendation. The entire program was as follows:

- Sonatine Op. 100 - - - - - A. Dvorak
Allegro Risoluto—Larghetto Allegro - -
Violin—PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL
- Prelude Op. 28, No. 15 - - - - - Chopin
Penrod - - - - - Booth Tarkington
MISS KATHLEEN G. FLEMING
- Idylle Op. 39, No. 7 }
The Brook Op. 32, No. 2 } - - - MacDowell
- Ave Maria, "Cavalleria Rusticana" - - - Mascagni
MISS C. SMITH
Piano—MISS K. KERN
Harp—MISS M. MAHONEY
Violin—PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL
- Mazurka Op. 24 - - - - - Saint-Saens
Valse Capricieuse - - - - - Grodzki
Violin Ensemble—Andante - - - - - Lachner
MISSES G. HAMPTON, G. REDMOND, B. KESSLER
K. MADDEN, G. FINNUP, M. KELLEY, M. McILWEE,
R. KLEIN, PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL
- Hark! Hark! The Lark - - - Schubert-Liszt
Novelette in F - - - - - Schumann
Valse Brilliant - - - - - Moszkowski
First Piano—MISSES R. GOODRICH, D. BALBACH
Second Piano—MISSES M. CARMODY, G. CARMODY
Violin—PROF. RICHARD SEIDEL

Members of the Vocal Class, Violin Club and School of Expression added some charming "in between" numbers to both recitals. Professor Richard Seidel, critic for the Conservatory, assisted with violin accompaniments.

GLEANINGS.

A sermon on The Economic Advantages of Our Religion, by the Reverend W. A. Bolger, C. S. C., and an exposition on Self-conquests, by the Reverend J. L. Carrico, C. S. C., were the especial spiritual privileges of the students at St. Mary's during the month of March.

It is with sincerest pleasure that the faculty and students of St. Mary's offer heartiest congratulations to their esteemed friend, Dr. J. J. Walsh, as the most worthy recipient of the Lætare Medal, 1916.

The season of Lent was preceded as usual this year by the Forty Hours' Devotion. The sermons on the Blessed Sacrament by the Rev. J. J. French impressed a special Eucharistic character on the devotions, and inspired corresponding resolutions for the observance of Lent.

St. Mary's Notre Dame College Club of Chicago have issued invitations to their first Assembly Ball, to be given on the evening of April 28, in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. The officers and members of the various committees have spared neither effort nor expense to make the affair an enjoyable one, and St. Mary's assures them of her best wishes for a splendid success.

Among the awards of honor given to former students of St. Mary's we are happy to note that of Scholarship and Fellowship from the University of Chicago to Miss Mildred Lambert (class '14) of South Bend, Indiana.

We have something to tell you. Spring is here! So are spring clothes.

In spring the scholar's fancy gently turns to thoughts of verse. We wonder if the inspiration is really due to spring or to pedagogical pressure.

HOW I wanted to sleep
And forget the day's hurrying!
'Twas a wish strong and deep,
How I wanted to sleep!
But those bells made me leap
And sent my feet scurrying—
How I wanted to sleep
And forget the day's hurrying!

ALBINA MLADY, '19.

The Freshmen are professionals at keeping secrets. They took the school by surprise in their announcement of a theater-party and a dinner-dance for the afternoon of March 28. "The Conqueror" was more than a mere entertainment, for in its portrayal of the shallowness of society life it taught all a serious lesson. The epilogue in the form of "home-made" movies gave us the rare opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us. The dinner was enjoyed by all, and when music and a dance were added to this no one could wish for more in the way of variety and entertainment.

If a Junior passes you in the hall without speaking, never mind. She is thinking of her memorial poem. But if she persists in raving in

her sleep about the scourge of war and national heroes, administer an effective antidote.

Our surprise at the extension of our Easter vacation was only exceeded by our delight. What can we not do with an extra day and a half? We might write up our note-books, or do our required reading.

Roller-skating is in vogue. Get a pair!

"That Class Play of Ours" was the dramatic success of the season. The drama of three acts was very well arranged. The first and third acts were realistic scenes presenting the "before and after" of writing a class play at St. Mary's. The second act, which contained the play proper, "The Light of Faith," written by a member of the class, Miss H. O'Malley, portrayed in a unique and dramatic way the spread of faith in Ireland. The Reverend J. L. Carrico, in his closing remarks, commended the Fourth Academies on their success, congratulated the different members on special ability displayed, and paid a beautiful tribute to the indefatigable efforts of the director behind the scenes. The spirit of St. Patrick's Day was manifest even in the refreshments, which were served in the recreation room after the play.

If you happen to be popular or have an ill-favored physiognomy, keep your back turned. Kodaks are altogether too numerous.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That the Greens did homeward plod their weary way;
For when I consider how our might was spent,
To win or not to win, was the object of our play.
But still I think 'tis better to have played and lost,
Than never to have played at all.
Red to right of them, Red to left of them—
And shouts of triumph filled the hall.
Full many a hope was born to die unseen;
But let there be no mourning for the game,
When Greens went out to play.
For we have thought and some will say,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their lost strife to greater fame.

With a fond mother's deep devotion and protecting love, St. Mary's grieves with Cecilia Lensing at the loss of her cherished father, her dearest companion; with Louise Bennett on the death of her beloved grandfather; with Florence Alber-Zeller on the death of her devoted father and with Katherine Healy-Murphy and Laura Healy-Lynch on the loss of their beloved mother.

HOPE HOSPITAL

Exclusive Treatment of
ALCOHOLISM AND DRUG ADDICTION
These afflictions are treated as Diseases by
the Towns-Lambert Method. The results are
positive and immediate. Further information
by addressing MEDICAL DIRECTOR
P. O. Box 14. SOUTH BEND, IND.
Phones:—Bell 1511 Home 1318

National Grocer Co.

Wholesale Grocers
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

St. Angela's Academy

This delightfully located institution, chartered in 1867, is prepared to impart a thorough course of instruction in all that constitutes a refined education. Music and art receive special attention.

The buildings and extensive grounds make it a most desirable boarding school.

For terms address
SISTERS OF THE HOLY CROSS
St. Angela's Academy,
MORRIS, ILL.

G. A. Senrich & Co.

The Prescription
DRUGGISTS
of South Bend

Both Phones 144. 216 W. Wash. Ave.

KEMBLE & KUEHN

GENERAL CONTRACTORS AND
BUILDERS

Office and Yards, 1717 So. Main Street.
SOUTH BEND, IND.
Home Phone 7564 Bell Phone 3759

HANS DRUG STORE

123 West Jefferson Blvd.
Opp. Post Office

Kodaks, Albums and Photo Supplies
Kodak catalogue sent upon request.

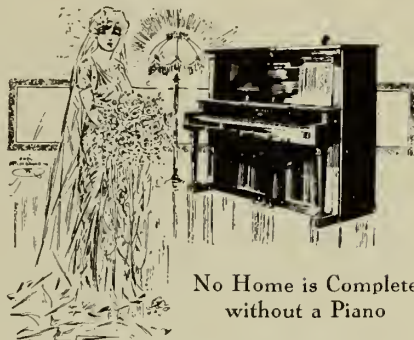
Indiana Lumber & Mfg. Co.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Brackets

Mouldings, Frames, Lath, Lumber,
Shingles, etc. Estimates cheerfully
furnished on buildings of all kinds.
Tel. 180.

Office:—Yard and Mill, S. Michigan
St., South Bend.

Branch Yards:—East Jefferson Street,
South Bend, Ind., and cor. Fourth and
Union Sts., Mishawaka, Ind.



No Home is Complete
without a Piano

The Lyon & Healy Piano—Style K
\$350

Is the BEST PIANO VALUE in America Today
BEAUTIFUL CATALOG YOURS
FOR THE ASKING
LYON & HEALY - - - CHICAGO

Davies Laundry Co.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

BOTH PHONES 859

Davies Laundry Co., 2349-51 Cottage
Grove Ave., Chicago, Phone
Calumet 1970.

We make a specialty of laundering
ladies' fine waists, linen suits, etc., by
hand, and all our work is handled by
the most skilled help we can employ.

Special Attention Given to Heavy Sheet
Metal Work.

J. C. Lauber & Co.

Manufacturers of

Copper and Galvanized
Iron Cornice

Estimates Furnished on Application.
Metal Sky Lights, Tin, Slate, Tile and
Iron Roofing.

504-506 East LaSalle Avenue,
SOUTH BEND, IND.

Academy of the Holy Cross

DUMBARTON
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Select School for Boarders and
Day Pupils

Conducted by
The Sisters of the Holy Cross

McCray Refrigerator Co.

Builders of refrigerators of
all styles for all purposes.
Catalogs and estimates free.

667 Mill Street, KENDALLVILLE, IND.

The Beyer Floral Co.

(Incorporated)

RIGHT-UP-TO-DATE

The place for High Grade Cut
Flowers, Birds and
Gold Fish

Flowers telegraphed to all parts of the U. S.
131 North Michigan Street,
South Bend.

Fine Imported Cutlery

We make a specialty
of high-grade Cutlery,
Fancy Manicure Sets,
Scissors Sets, Nail
Files, Pocket Knives,
etc.

G. E. MEYER & SON

Opposite Postoffice,
115-17 W. JEFFERSON BLVD.

THE I. W. LOWER DECORATING COMPANY

EXQUISITE FRAMES AND GIFT
PICTURES.

120 South Michigan Street,
South Bend, Ind.

Fashion's Footwear Fancies

We are headquarters for the kind of footwear that combines durability and art. As agents for the leading makers, we are constantly prepared to show you all that is latest and best in shoes.

We have always striven for the best trade; for the custom of those who want reliable goods, careful fitting and just prices. Our stock is very large and assortment is almost endless.

*It's a pleasure for us
to show goods*

BAKER'S SHOE STORE
114 W. Washington Ave.
SOUTH BEND

Herrs' Bookstore

Books
Stationery
Posters
and
Fancy
Pictures

111 W. WASHINGTON AVE.
SOUTH BEND

OPTOMETRY

OPTO--Eye. METRY--to Measure



My methods of examination and tests of the EYES for the adaptation of lenses for the correction of defects of vision and relief of eye strain and its accompanying symptoms, are based upon accurate measurements of the refraction and the associated functions of the eyes. Glasses fitted under this system are invariably found satisfactory and curative. Examination by appointment preferred. Home Phone 2299.

DR. JOHN H. ELLIS, Optometrist,
Suite 512, J. M. S. Building,
South Bend, Indiana.

KLINGEL & KUEHN PERFECT Shoes

Oliver Opera House Bldg. Personal Attention

Home Phone, 1474. Bell Phone, 660.

JOSEPH WOLF

CONTRACTOR, DECORATOR AND
PAINTER.

Dealer in Wall Paper, Paints, Mouldings, Glass, etc. Estimates furnished. Moderate prices.

520 EAST COLFAX AVENUE.

Calumet Tea & Coffee Co. CHICAGO

Importers of Teas and Coffees

Mfs. of Ariston Extracts, Baking Powder and Spices.

Geo. Wyman & Co.

DRY GOODS
Carpets, Cloaks
and Millinery

South Bend, Indiana

Opera Sticks and Other Choice Confections

*We make the best
They'll stand the test*

THE PHILADELPHIA
116 N. Michigan S.

P. J. McEVOY

310 W. Baltimore and 313 Garret Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Manufacturer of

Cassocks and Surplices

For Altar Boys and Choir Outfits.

Priests' Albs, Priests' Supplies,
Birettas, Rabbis, etc., etc.

Sterling Silver Corsage Bouquet Holders.

Sterling Silver 2 and 4-Pin Sets.

Sterling Silver and Enamel Cuff Links.
ROSARY BEADS.

FRANK MAYR & SONS CO.
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Cut Flowers

and Floral Designs

Orders by mail and telephone delivered
to St. Mary's and Notre Dame.

KINYON BROS.

Home Phone 2227. 206 S. Mich. St.
Bell Telephone: Main 789 K.

Office Bell 886 Home 5842 Residence Home 5702 Bell 3561

DR. JOHN A. STOECKLEY Dentist

511 J. M. S. Building
Corner Main and Washington South Bend, Ind.

OFFICE Bell Phone 689 Home Phone 789
RESIDENCE Bell Phone 1162

Dr. R. F. LUCAS DENTIST

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

J. M. Studebaker Office Bldg., Washington Ave.
and Main St., corner suite, 6th floor.

O'Neil & Co.

Charles and Lexington Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Importers of

Fine Dry Goods
Ladies' Wraps
Furs and Fur Garments
Tailor-Made Costumes
French Lingerie
High-Class Millinery
Housekeeping Linens
Lace Curtains

We make and keep in stock every class
of goods required by different
Religious Communities.

Henry C. Durand, David C. Bradley,
Calvin Durand, J. P. Kasper,
Adam J. Kasper.

Established 1851

Durand & Kasper Co.

Successors to H. C. Durand.

WHOLESALE GROCERS
IMPORTERS

Lake, Union and Eagle Sts.
CHICAGO

Home Phone 5392 Bell Phone 392

The Eliel Pharmacy

EMIL REYER, Ph. G., Mgr.

Cor. Washington Ave. and Lafayette St.

...FINEST...

Perfumes, Toilet Waters and Bath Powders

Everything that goes to make a ladies' toilet. The largest stock in the city. Always fresh and at reasonable prices. Roger and Gallets, Pinauds, Hudnuts, Woodworths' Colgates, Houbigants, and the best goods of all the other noted Perfumers at

Coonley Drug Store

Relatives and friends
of Notre Dame and
St. Mary's students
who desire to keep
posted on University
and Academy doings
should read

The South Bend Tribune

25 cents per month.
By mail, postage paid
Cash in advance

Leah Mary's Candies

Leah Mary's Chocolates are pure. They are home-made and always freshly fresh.

Try some of Leah Mary's candies—you'll be delighted with their delicious flavor.

Leah Mary's Exclusively at

THE ELLSWORTH STORE

Nobile's Motto:

IT TAKES THE
TO MAKE THE
AND PAYS THE
TO SELL THE
And Its Tastes the
TO EAT THE

BEST

Mfgs. of Fancy Ice Cream and Ices,
Fancy Candies and Chocolates a specialty. All Fruit in season. Special attention given to orders. Weekly Delivery to St. Mary's.

J. R. NOBILE CONF CO.

108 S. Mich. St., South Bend
Bell Phone 602 Home Phone 965

Home Phone, 5994. Bell Phone, 626.

Thos. Williams

PLUMBER AND
GAS FITTER.

122 EAST JEFFERSON BLVD.
SOUTH BEND, IND.

An Ideal Catholic Publication.
Dublin Review.

THE "Ave Maria"

A Catholic Magazine,

*Devoted to the Honor of the
Blessed Virgin*

26 pp. Imp. 8vo. Published weekly and monthly. With illustrations.

The Greatest Variety of Good
Reading by the Best Writers.

Terms: One year, \$2.00. A free copy for five new subscribers. Foreign subscriptions, \$3, or 12 shillings, British. Send for a sample copy and list of interesting books. Address:

THE "AVE MARIA"

Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.



3 0112 105931007